

Art Rush, Primary School Disco

Neon dogtags in the dark
Gathering under oak
In tiny little clusters in the distance

Stumble through the smoke
and sizzling Sprite in styrofoam
To a DJ with a bible of CD-R's

Young love in sweaty hands
and glitter belts and cheap makeup
Painted by the rented pulse machines

Primary school disco

She's got a song in mind
She's got a guy she likes
He's in Year 5

They know he feels that way
He's double dared to say
it to her face
You know he hasn't got
the guts at this age

Smiles of supervisors as the lights scatter their signals on the cheap store decorations in the hall
That boarding school kid who no-one really talks to was dragged along, now he's asleep against th